THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXIV. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, NOVEMBER 11, 1914. No. 45

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE SUNLIGHT.

The Sunlight, the sunlight,
  It cometh apace!
It breaks through the dim light
  Of night-shadowed space!
It comes with a glimmer,
A sparkle and shimmer.
The moon showeth dimmer,
The planets give place!

It bendeth, it rendeth
  Night's prisoning bars!
Exultant out-sendeth
  Its voiceless hurrahs!
O'er bulwarks and bowers
It scatters bright showers,
Like luminous flowers
  Grown out of the stars.

O souls that lie sleeping
  In doubt and in night,
Wake, wake from your weeping!
  Day comes, in despite
Of cavil or grieving.
Man's best of believing
Is but the receiving
  Of heavenly light.

—Grace Denio Litchfield.

Pacific Theological Seminary
Berkeley, Calif.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered as 2nd-class matter.

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SIGNS OF PROMISE.

That 350,000 votes were cast at the recent election in California for the proposed constitutional amendment for the prohibition of the liquor traffic is highly significant. The measure was defeated by only 100,000 votes. This is about what many persons who are against the liquor traffic thought would be the result. California was not ready for the vote; and the amendment was one which was forced on thousands who have long been in the forefront of the battle against the liquor traffic.

Among the objections made to this amendment was one in effect that it would make it impossible for a man to give a guest in his home a glass of wine—even at his dinner-table. We do not believe the objection well-grounded. But it had its effect, and added to the vote against the amendment. The giving in such circumstances could not be held giving in the sense intended by the amendment. But the giving in a restaurant or in a hotel would have to be so held, and rightly so, to make such a measure effective.

We believe that a measure prohibiting the saloons and allowing the manufacture and sale of wine to go on for five or ten years would have carried in California at the last election. Experience is the school in which man learns wisdom. In 1916 the too ardent prohibitionists will, if they remember their lesson this year, be more open to advice from others , will take a wiser course—and then victory will in all probability come to the temperance forces. , Washington and Oregon were wiser in 1914 than California was. The constitutional amendments proposed in those states were aimed at the saloons, and left it possible for men who still desired to use intoxicants, to get them from the outside by signing a statement that they were for personal consumption.

Further, the amendments in those states were framed so as not to take effect before January 1916, thus giving the liquor business opportunity to adjust itself to the changes.

WASHINGTON AND OREGON—WE SALUTE YOU!

Glad are we that the two great states to the north of us have covered themselves with honor and glory and immortality. That is exactly what they have done in adopting by handsome majorities the amendments prohibiting the liquor trafic.

California will follow in their wake. And no breweries should move down here with the expectation of having any long lease of life.

It is worthy of note that every county in Oregon, even Multnomah, in which Portland is situated, gave a majority for the amendment.

In Washington all the populous counties except three gave majorities in favor. The three were King, Pierce and Thurston. Seattle is in King county. Tacoma is in Pierce. Olympia, the state capital, is in Thurston.

In Kings county the vote was 34,322 for, and 50,018 against. In Pierce it was 14,014 for, and 17,109 against. In Thurston it was 3,070 for, and 3,347 against.

Spokane county, in which is the City of Spokane, gave 20,321 for, and 19034 against.

Whatcom county, in which is the city of Bellingham, gave 20,321 for, and 19,034 against.

Walla Walla county gave 4,769 for, and 3,213 against. Yakima county gave 9,820 for, and 5,210 against. Snohomish county, in which is the city of Everett, gave 7,337 for, and 6,260 against.

The other counties with considerable population are Chehalis, Clarke, Skagit, Lewis, and Whitman; and all of these gave good majorities for the amendment.

It is gratifying to find men in Oregon elected to the legislature saying that they intend to see that laws are enacted that will enforce the amendment strictly. This, on the part of some who did not favor it.

One says: "I will vote and work for the kind of legislation that will make boot-leggers, blind-pigs and the saloon drug store impossible." Another says: "It is the mandate of the people that the liquor traffic be abolished, and it is the duty of the legislature to make the voice of the people effective."

Another says: "I am in favor of passing a law that will make it possible to revoke a druggist's license as soon as he is found to be engaged in the illegal traffic in liquor."

LEADING DAILY PAPER IN WASHINGTON SAYS PROHIBITION WILL SOON SWEEP THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

It is one of the good signs of the times that the Post-Intelligencer, one of the influential daily papers of the coast, should declare itself as it did last Friday concerning the prohibition victory in Washington and the nation-wide movement.

We believe that the Post-Intelligencer was opposed to the state-wide movement against the saloons in Washington. Accordingly its statements are much more significant than they otherwise would be.

In an editorial last Friday, parts of which were intended especially for those who were saying that the state was going to the "demnition bow-wows" because of the adoption of the amendment, it was remarked:

"At best a different verdict at the polls would have meant only a postponement. For the movement which this year enlists Washington, Oregon, and Colorado, soon will enlist the country as a whole. States not yet ripe for it are rapidly or slowly getting ripe. Even the casual ob-

server of the trend of thought must see that it is a nation-wide movement.

"Washington could with wisdom have waited yet awhile and continued its adherence to local option and home rule.

"But it is all over and there is no profit in speculating upon what should have been or might have been done. The thing dreaded as tending seriously to affect material conditions has now actually happened and is beyond recall. Washington soon will become a dry state and is destined to remain a dry state. That it will have the company of all the states in the Union in a few short years is as sure as anything of the future can be foretold.

"While the stringent law does not even aim to prohibit drinking, but strangely provides easy means of obtaining liquor from the outside, it does contemplate the absolute suppression of the saloon. By the people's verdict the days of that institution are definitely and finally numbered. It will go not to return. All this involves a radical economic adjustment. There is naught to do but to meet the situation cheerfully and make the necessary readjustment in a businesslike way."

"DARE WE BE CHRISTIANS?"

This is the question which is asked by Professor Walter Rauschenbusch in a little book just published by the Pilgrim Press—and having as a title the caption of this article.

"Have we faith enough to believe that the Christian doctrine of love is the solution of our big modern questions? Do we dare to assert the futility of everything in our great world of commerce and industry that leaves love out? Dd we dare to undertake the readjustment of all social life to bring it into obedience to the law of love?

"That is a far severer test of our faith in Christ than to believe in the infallibility of a book or in the certainty of dogmas formulated so long ago that only a few hundred men in Christendom today know what they originally were meant to mean."

Referring to the fact that Paul laid on religion the indispensableness of love, Prof. Rauschenbusch remarks: "The Christian Church must lay the same law on modern business."

After the manner of the Apostle Paul, he writes: "Love is just and kind. Love is not greedy and covetous. Love exploits no one; it takes no unusual gain; it gives more than it gets. Love does not break down the lives of others to make wealth for itself; it makes wealth to build the life of all. Love seeks solidarity; it tolerates no divisions; it prefers equal workmates; it shares its efficiency. Love enriches all men, gladdens all men.

"The values created by love never fail, but whether there are class privileges, they shall fail; whether there are millions gathered, they shall be scattered; and whether there are vested rights they shall be abolished. For in the past strong men lorded it in ruthlessness and strove for their own power and pride; but when the perfect social order comes, the strong shall serve the common good. Before the sun of Christ brought in the dawn, men competed and forced tribute from weakness, but when the full day shall come they will work as mates in love, each for all and all for each. For now we see in the fog of selfishness, darkly, but then with social vision; now, we see our fragmentary ends, but then we shall see the destinies of the race as God sees them."

Professor Rauschenbusch leads us in this book out beyond all national boundaries, saying: "Christianity stands for the doctrine that we must love one another—all men, without distinction of 'religion, race, color, or previous condition of servitude.' It will tolerate no exempt breed of supermen and no preempted areas of God's common world. It does not call on the strong to climb to isolation across the backs of the weak, but challenges them to prove their strength by lifting the rest with them. It does not advise eliminating the unfit, but seeks to make them fit. It stands for the solidarity of the race in its weakness and strength, its defects and conquests, its sin and salvation."

This little volume of fifty-nine pages, and which can be had for 35 cents, is a thought-provoking one and one well worth reading.

"GOD'S PATH TO PEACE."

The caption of this article is the title of a new book by Mr. Ernest Richard, the founder of the New York Peace Society, president of the German-American Peace Society, and lecturer on the History of German Civilization in Columbia University.

It is a study in the evolutionary processes making for world peace.

The author writes: "We have international communication and international unions of the most varied order; we have an international heart, an international mind, an international public opinion; when will the international conscience manifest itself as an active, live force? When will the men and women of the world who know that we are all born equal, and that the future belongs to human solidarity, assert their might and right, and order their governments, not with mild suggestions, but with granite firmness: **'Get Together!'**

"Get Together! .This is the command urged upon all mankind today; this is the goal toward which the eternal forces of human progress irresistably converge. In them we must confide; in them the guarantee is given of rescue from the inferno through which we are passing today. They will guide us safely to happiness and justice."

As we turn the pages of this book it links itself with the one by Professor Rauschenbusch entitled "Dare We Be Christians?" from which quotation has been made in the article preceding this one. "Dare We Be Christians?" We must be. All the forces of the universe are driving us that way. That is humanity's goal. We cannot go elsewhere.

This means that there will sometime be an international conscience operative throughout the world. It is as inevitable as the oak tree from the acorn.

If this international conscience were operative today there would be no war in Europe. One of the good results from this war will be the hastening of the day when there will be such a conscience at work.

No one can read what is set forth in this book without feeling optimistic as to the future. Among the captions of the chapters are these: From the Peace of the Family to the Peace of the World; The Abolition of Distance; The Coalescence of Civilized Society; From Politics of Might to Politics of Right; Departments of the World Administration in Operation Today.

This timely little volume is published by the Methodist Book Concern, New York; 75 cents net.

"WHAT HAVE THE SAINTS TO TEACH US?"

One realizes, as he turns the pages of the new book with the title, "What have the Saints to teach us?" that they have very much to teach us.

All around the world of late people have been asking "Has Christianity failed?" Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, the author of this book, asks that question, and his answer is: "No; it has never been tried, save in the lives of the Saints in whom we see the wonder of religion new given and radiant. When we dare to be Christians as Francis and Wesley dared; when the Church forgets itself and prays to be healed of its pride, its prestige, its worship of wealth, and its sectarian vanity; when it learns the folly of aping the tactics of the world, and sets itself to do the work God gave it to do, there will be no dearth of power. We must be done with our futile effort to substitute activity for energy, change for progress, and return to that deeper life which alone can give us insight into social problems. Evermore the Saints teach us to ask for but one thing, to seek one only gift, not that we may render less social service, but vastly more and richer. Having that one thing needful we have all; wanting it, nothing!"

In giving us in an inspiring manner the fruits of his study of the lives of the Saints the author writes: "No doubt the Saints went to excess; but they were nobler in their errors than we are in much of our wisdom. If they made a virtue of pain, they at least kept their souls alive and alert—awake to the realities, happy in obedience, rich in faith; and if they had 'a wise passiveness' towards God, they were sleeplessly active in behalf of man.

"The deepest note of their song was not suffering, but a victorious, unfathomable joy. 'God is happiness', said St. Augustine. 'not simply true, but Truth; not only beautiful, but Beauty—and in him, from him, and through him all things are happy and true and lovely which are so at all.' The religion of the Saints of every period and every creed has all the ardences of youth—vigor, longing, grace, wonder: it has ever been the lyric note of holiness. Saints are above all those who enjoy; no mere renouncers; no ascetics, save for an end. No practice of goodness but is touched for them with a kind of glee, and whatever blows they suffer in the service of love are as nothing beside their inward joy. * * They went singing through the world; and surely those who lived so blithely, so abundantly, so radiantly, have something to teach us."

"Who are the Saints?" the author asks, and he answers: "They were men and women of like passion and infirmities as ourselves who by the grace of God won victories over a life like our own. * * * They err who think that the Saints lived aloof and apart from life as men have to live it. Far otherwise. They were nobly and tirelessly active, men mighty in word and deed, uniting a heavenly vision with a bright-eyed sagacity in affairs. Did not Joan of Arc lead an army and crown a king? Where is there a more perfect picture of domestic attachment and patrician consecration than the life of St. Matilda of Germany—a noble mother, lovely in her life, radiant in her faith? How unforgettable is Elizabeth of Thuringia, a royal nurse, frail unspeakably, heroic, patient, devoted! What life in our age is more crowded with activity than that of Vincent de Paul? * * * Some of the Saints were most illiterate, while thinkers and others were among the greatest scholars the world has ever known. * * They held almost every station in life, from that of a dish-washer in a Carmelite kitchen to a king in his royal robes, and did every kind of work. Yet were they victors over our mortal lot through Him whom they loved and followed."

The author says of the Saints: "In the art of exegesis, in the details of dogma, they may have been in error often; but in the main thing they alone are wise; only they are practical." And his thought is that living as we do in the days of "the Church Humilitant", it behooves us to listen to their high and sweet wisdom.

"Either we must go forward to a greater Christianity or be forced out of religion altogether by the tide now flowing. What we need is not more organization, more conventions, more committees, lest the discrepancy between activity and results become still more pathetic. It is something far more drastic, because it is more individual and inward—a deeper life of the Spirit that will give to the Church a self-forgetting note of power, and to the pulpit a momentousness of insight and appeal."

His study of the Saints has led the author to give us this conclusion: "With the Saints, as with their Master, love of God was ever the central principle and passion of religion. They placed it first and deduced all else from it; and therein they were true to the ultimate realities—for the modern tendency to give priority to the love of man, while it may be excellent ethics, is not the mighty gospel which inspires heroic and joyous self-sacrifice for the lowly and the unlovely. And with their love of God so deep and rich and warm, there went without fail as its flower and fruit a passionate care of man."

This book concerning which we are writing is one of only 92 pages, but it is packed with timely thought.

At a time when there is so little power in the pulpit we cannot close with this little book until we have quoted from it yet again: "To produce persuasion there is one golden principle not laid down in the books—to understand what we are talking about. Turn to the writings of Wesley, and still more to his sermons as delivered, and one feels that he knows what he is talking about when he spoke of God and the soul: knew the deep things, the strange paths, and the floods of great waters. After his strange 'Warming of the heart,' which was less a conversion than a transfiguration, he went through the world as one for whom the only permanent realities are the Divine life and the awakening of that life in the souls of men. Other way to power in the pulpit there is none, and there never will be. Men are restless today, vexed and baffled of soul, with a great hunger which they know not how to satisfy; and they will listen to the pulpit when it tells them what God has told it in the stillness. And the truth which they want to hear is timeless and eternally as true today as it was when Barnard preached at Clairvaux or Jesus lodged with the fisherman by the sea."

It is in vain, we are told that we reason with our discomfort as we see to what such lives point the way, and try to prove that they are unnatural, or explain the wonder by saying that they had the gift of genius. "Say, rather that we are loitering in the low places, too fickle to be faithful, too feeble to be heroic. Following with eager step, they ran beyond us to the City of the great King, and do not need our maps to guide them—keener critics of themselves than we have the right to be."

The Fleming H. Revell Company of New York publish this book at fifty cents net.

THE WHY OF LIFE.

In a little book by Dr. Grenfell, recently published by the Pilgrim Press, entitled "The Prize of Life," part first is on "The Why of Life." Certain paragraphs therein follow so fittingly the preceding editorial reviews that we quote them here:

"I have just been talking to the sailor of the Carmania, who last voyage dived overboard in the night, in so heavy a sea that already a hundred lives had been lost trying to launch the life-boats. He did this just in order to save a poor immigrant. ,

"Why did you take the risk? I asked. Did anyone sugegst it to you?

"Oh, no," he replied, "but I am a good swimmer, and I couldn't let the poor beggar perish under my eyes."

How long were you in the water before they got you?

"Just half an hour. You see the man in the water grabbed me two or three times, and tried to drown me. Then, we were washed off the ladder twice."

"They say you were nearly drowned.' That's true, all right."

"Did he pay for his life?" "Not a cent. He hadn't a penny."

"Would you do it again if you had the chance?" "Of course I would."

And then Dr. Grenfell asks "Why?" and continues: "That is the question. Why? Why take so tremendous a risk for **nothing?** After the fierce struggle was over and the awful suspense relieved, and the common sailor was again on board, they told me that the men who had been watching cheered themselves hoarse, while the women wept for joy. Why? Again that is the question. The very cynic dare not challenge the act. Yet science does not insist on it or earthly philosophy inspire it. Political and social economy might not approve it. But every one knows it was right.

"But what was the prize. Not the opportunity, nor the immigrant's life, nor any material reward. They are all passing things. The prize was his realization that he was needed, and the supplying of that need."

Dr. Grenfell's book throughout is a call to service. It may be had for 50 cents. The part which just now most deeply impresses the present writer in that small part what has been quoted here. And the question presses, "Why don't people act at all times in life as that sailor acted toward the immigrant whose life was endangered? Instantly he endangered his own life to save the life of the poor immigrant. When people act that way the problems that now trouble the world will be settled. That God means we all shall so act some day is evident. The best that is in us will some day leap up as impulsively as it did in that sailor. What we write here reaches back and links itself with what is found in "Dare We Be Christians?" "God's Pathway to Peace;" and "What the Saints Have to Teach Us.'

THE DAY—THE WAY.

Not for one single day
Can I discern my way,
But this I surely know—
Who gives the day
Will show the way
So I securely go.

—John Oxenham.

SWINGING AROUND THE CHAUTAUQUA CIRCLE.

Loyal Lincoln Wirt, Sc.D.

It was in the tawdry parlor of a wretched little hotel on a rainy afternoon. I had obtained a copy of Dr. Gunsaulus' historical novel and had gone there to read. If, as Carlyle says, "Ten silent centuries awoke in Dante," then ten silent centuries plus two vibrant centuries are throbbing in the pages of the "Plumed Knight." I was deep in the historical sweep and musical diction of the Prologue when the author himself looked in. "Busy?" I asked. "No," he replied. "Will you read aloud to me?" I handed him the book. When he saw what it was he gave me a queer, quizzical look, but without a word opened the pages which he had written twenty years ago and read—as I have never heard mortal man read—for two hours. The hotel, the rain, the Chautauqua, the Twentieth century—slipped away and were forgotten. I carried Erasmus' ink pot. I hid with the "Poor Man of Lyons." I strove in the Councils. I fought, bled and well nigh died for the faith on a hundred battle-fields. And when the coatless, perspiring hotel proprietor came to the door and shouted "dinner," I nearly ran him through with a spear.

I wonder why the Pilgrim Press does not publish another edition of this book. I wonder why it is not on every boy's book shelf. I wonder why it is not dramatized; "Quo Vadis" and "Ben Hur" are not more thrilling or more true to history. But perhaps I am prejudiced—I heard the author call his own characters up out of the past—and they knew his voice.

Another Chautauqua tide has flowed and ebbed, leaving five hundred new Assemblies scattered from Vermont to Oregon. The number now stands at over three thousand. Many of these are independent, locally managed and without affiliation. But the majority are in great circuits, controlled at various centers. If one is associated with a standard "Circuit", he finds the daily "jumps" usually short, the associates congenial, and the work altogether inspiring. From seventy to one hundred Chautauquas can be visited during the summer season, where are audiences varying from five hundred to five thousand. Thus a single message may reach a quarter million people in two months, or a little more.

I wonder if the churches fully realize the importance of this new social movement as a vehicle for reaching "the church without the church" with the message of Christ. It is altogether important that the Chautauqua be kept in the hands of Christian men, and its present splendid purposes and high ideals be maintained.

Another companion of the way was Bishop William A. Quayle of the Methodist Episcopal Church. If you do not know this little red-headed saint from the Isle of Man, it will be as hopeless to describe him as was Hall Caine's attempt to describe Glory Quayle. But to mention his name to anyone who does know him, or has heard him preach or lecture, that is the signal for chairs to be hitched up and the pigeon-holes of reminiscence to be opened.

About Bishop Quayle's name there is a halo of anecdotal mist as intangible, as persistent, and probably as apocryphal as the Joseph Parker legends.

Throughout Methodism he is greatly beloved. By evildoers he is heartily hated. A more delightful traveling companion never joined the Chautauqua Circuit.

To criticise salaried office-holders who prefer to give their vacations to a great educational propaganda is no

new thing. Bishop Quayle was perhaps the first to feel the sting of it. At a recent general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, "lecturing bishops" came in for an uncomfortable hour at the hands of those who could see nothing beyond a mercenary motive in this wider ministry to the greater church beyond the pale. But the little bishop smiled his disarming smile, shook his frowsy red curls and went on lecturing.

It was upon a hot night in a town south of Mason and Dixon's line that I witnessed one of the most dramatic, certainly the most courageous platform incident of the summer.

Bishop Quayle was lecturing on "Abraham Lncoln" before a great tent full of perspiring people. His exact words I cannot, of course, recall, but in substance they were as follows: "How the bitterness and animosity of those fateful days of our Civil War have been turned into trust and regard by the gentle hand of time; and through the spirit of Jesus Christ, even into love, by the death of Lincoln.

"My father was a Methodist preacher with abolitionist principles in the midst of southern sympathizers. He was advised to keep his mouth shut, then warned and threatened, but, like his son, it was hard for his lips to refrain from giving expression to what his heart felt to be right.

"One night, in this very State, not far from this spot, your fathers took my father from his home, put a rope around his neck, and threw the other end over the limb of a tree. He was asked to join your side—to preach that slavery was a divine institution, but he would not—he could not. The rope was drawn tight; still he refused. On tip-toes and black in the face—still he shook his head. Then, just as the leader of the band, out of patience, ordered his men to finish their job, a body of Union soldiers appeared and my father was cut down; living to see the fires of sectional feeling die out, and the touch of the "seamless robe" heal the bleeding wounds.

"While I shall always glory in my father's steadfastness in the right, as he saw the right, I have likewise gloried in your fathers' steadfastness in the right, as they saw the right. But the miracle of grace to me, and the bow of promise for the future of our united and chastened land is this amazing fact, that the sons of the men who would have hanged my father, should unite, fifty years later, in an invitation to his son, to come back and talk to them about Abraham Lincoln! It is the Chautauqua which has made this possible."

One night, it was the last with the good bishop, as I tarried on the platform for a moment watching the crowds dissolve, I saw the bishop's ruddy smile come up out of the sea of aces. Leading me aside, he whispered, "Ever had a real Missouri fried chicken supper—not the hotel kind, the home kind?" "Get thee behind me, tempter!" I replied. But the farmer's auto was waiting, and so was that marvelous midnight feast.

Our musicians were there, the platform manager, the local minister and his wife. These, together with the farmer and his family, made up a merry party.

When the bishop took the head of the table, you forgot that he was a bishop, you forgot the riddle of the universe and your immortal soul, you forgot everything except that you were back in the fried-chicken-sweet-potato-hot-biscuit-and-honey-blackberry-pie- watermelon - and - buttermilk-days of your boyhood.

It was well after midnight when the subdued party turned homeward. "What beautiful new church is that?" I asked. "One we have just completed," the minister modestly replied. "Would you like to see it?" "Yes, indeed, it is quite early (?) yet." The auto stopped, the key was at hand and the lights flashed on. As we sat there by the curb in the quiet night with the town asleep about us, the lights streaming through fine art windows, it needed only choir and organ to set our thoughts to music. "He that watcheth over Israel slumbers not nor sleeps."

But he was every inch a bishop as he led us down the aisle of the still church to the altar, stepped into the pulpit, directed our attention to the organ and said: " 'Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love.' Sing!"

And we sang as best we could with lumps in our throats, for we loved the bishop, and he was leaving us in the morning.

His lectures had inspired and instructed us; his friendship had added new meaning to the word; his fun had been as sweet and fresh as mountain stream. But I shall always think of him as the "Bishop," and remember him longest as standing there in the pulpit of that beautiful church, in the early morning, with the lights streaming out over the sleeping city, his hands uplifted, his face wistful, his eyes seeing things afar off, and saying "Let us pray."

Wellesley Hills, Mass., Oct. 15, 1914.

THE TREAD OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

W. L. Stidger.

Without any thought of being panicky, I call attention to the fact that practically all of the employment agencies, investigators, and the working men themselves, predict that the coming winter will be the worst for twenty years in San Francisco. The cloud is now in the sky. It is the size of a man's hand. In a month it will have grown to ominous proportions. It was called to my attention by the following scene on Howard street:

A crowd of unemployed were obstructing the street when a policeman came along and made them move on. One of the lower type of men muttered under his breath with a snarl: "Just you wait, old bull, till the boys come, and we'll get you!" It was a low-browed threat, and it came from the type of man that the average unemployed repudiates, but it meant something. The man who told me this story, Mr. W. H. Mitchell, is himself at the head of the employment department of a large fraternity in this city. He overheard the above conversation, and he knew the policeman personally. He went up to the officer, who himself had not heard the threat, and warned him.

"J——, you didn't hear what that man said, did you?"

"No!" the officer replied.

"He said, 'Wait till the boys come back and we'll get you!"

The officer smiled, but there was a steely, resigned look in his eyes as he replied: "Yes, they'll get some of us this winter. We expect it. This will be the hardest winter we have ever had in San Francisco; for with 25,000 good, honest unemployed, there are always a lot of roughnecks. Yes, they'll get some of us. There will be twice as many this year as last. We expect it."

Is it true that there will be twice as many unemployed in this city this winter as there were last? If it is true, ought not the churches, or the State, or a special committee appointed by the city be getting ready to handle the

problem? If such a committee is already appointed, ought it not to be working in conjunction with the churches? Ought we not to be prepared to meet the difficulties before they arrive, instead of staggering blindly around them, groping in the dark as we did last year?

I visited eight of the large employment agencies. They were unanimous in the opinion that this is the worst year in twenty years in this State. They were unanimous in the opinion that the army of unemployed will be more than fifty per cent larger this year than last. They were unanimous in the statement that there are a hundred men hunting work at this time where there were five at this time last year in San Francisco. They were unanimous in the opinion that the men who have already come, and who will come during the next month, will have absolutely no money, where last year they had a "stake" of from $25 to $200 each. I talked with a few of the men themselves about this.

What the "Boys" Said.

"Sam" was a Danish miner. He looked neat and clean. He was not a drinking man, and he has the reputation of being a good worker. The employment man at Dupreu and Company had known "Sam" for eight years. "Sam" told me that during the past year he had only been able to find work for two months and eighteen days. He had it in his little book, every hour of it, and they were precious hours to him. The year before he had worked eight solid months. This year he worked for $2.50 a day, while the year before he got $3.50, one-fourth the work and $1.00 a day's reduction in pay.

"Dutch" was all that his name implied—the real Dutch; industrious-looking. He had on a blue jumper, and it was spotlessly clean. His face was clean-shaven. He looked like a family man, although I found that few of these men have families. "Dutch" could only get three months' work this year, as over against six months the year before. Where he had $200 as a stake a year ago, at this time he has $25.

"John" was a sober, industrious Australian. During the past year he told me he had only been able to get two months' work. The year before he had six months. His "stake" is cut down one-third..

"Hickey" said that he had never seen it so bad in twenty years. He was English and honest-looking. I asked that the most reliable be picked out.

"Joe" was pointed out to me as a typical "Kelly's Army" follower. He acknowledged having "beat it" over five thousand miles of railroad since last March. He started at Cleveland. He had it all down in a soiled book—every mile that he "beat," every job that he had had. They ranged from two hours' employment to two weeks—none longer than that. His tasks varied from mowing lawns in Chicago to shoveling cement in Portland; from housework in Kansas City to picking cherries for 60 cents a day in California; from a week in the North Dakota wheat fields to washing dishes a week in Salt Lake City. It was an interesting book. He has kept it for three years.

In 1912 he was able to pick up 240 days of work.

In 1913 he was able to pick up 236 days of work.

In 1914 he was able to get only 110 days of work.

He says that "if you only know how, it's as easy to sleep on the 'rods' as it is in a bed." I cite "Joe's" case simply to show that they are on the road to California from all over the country. "Joe" swears they are all headed this way. The climate and the Exposition are drawing them. In this own words, "the roads are lined with men like armies of ants headed towards San Francisco."

At This Time Last Year Work Was Plentiful.

The employment men also seemed of the same opinion in this statement made by one of them: "Last year at this time any man who really wanted to work could get it at wages that ran from $2.25 to $2.75 a day. This year hundreds are clamoring for work and we can't get it for them."

"Why?" I asked them.

"Because there is no big work being done. Last year at this time the Spring Valley was using 700 men constantly, which meant that from 4,000 to 5,000 men got work with them during the year. They are doing nothing now. Last year the P. G. and E. was using 6,000 men at this time—none now. Last year the Fresno Power Plant were using 4,000—this year none. There is no big work going on."

"Why isn't there big work going on?"

"I don't know; the administration, war, fight on railroads—I don't know. I just know that these men are honestly clamoring for work and we can't get it for them." And here he became excited. "Why, man, we'd make a fortune right now if we could get work for these men!"

"Will it get better?"

"No, we can't see anything ahead! It is getting worse every day."

They have no "stake" this year either, and that makes it worse. They haven't been able to get work. The "boys" that have always had their "stakes" are broke this year.

At Kennedy and Dreschler's, the courteous gentleman in charge, Mr. Kennedy, who has been in the business for twenty years, told me that where last year they had sent 15,000 men to one job, this year all combined they hadn't sent out that many.

"Booze Busts Them."

One employment man of long experience said: "The principal reason these men are busted is booze." I asked him if I might quote his name as having said that.

He replied: "No; for if this State were voted dry it would put all of the employment agencies out of business. The workers would all have jobs, and wouldn't need us. "Anyhow," he added, "this business of employment agencies will soon be, and ought to be, in the hands of the Government." I found practically a unanimous opinion on this question also.

"Murray and Ready," who claim to be the largest agency of its kind in the country, told me that last year they had placed 80,000 men, but that this year they had fallen short by 50 per cent of that number.

The "Army" Problem.

All of the men who know seemed of the same opinion about the Kelly's Army problem. It can be stopped if it is handled promptly. "In two weeks the agitators will be here," one manager stated. "If the police department get them before the agitation starts it will be easy. They have no organization, only agitation. If it is not nipped in the bud early, and the agitation is not stopped, it will be stronger this year than it was last, and more threatening!"

"Will it start earlier this year?" I asked him.

"Agitation will start in two weeks. The "boys" tell me that the leaders are on the way to San Francisco now, coming from Washington, Los Angeles, and the East. Relief demands will come much earlier this year than last year is my prediction.

"Do these men here, these legitimate unemployed, make up much of the so-called 'Army'?" I asked him.

"They do not. Of course, some of them hang on for the fun of the thing when they are out of work, but the best way to break up such an army that I know of is to surround it with work."

Suggested Solutions.

These solutions must necessarily take the form of brief suggestions. They come mostly from these employment men who are today facing the problem of not having work to give to hundreds of clamoring men, and who would welcome any solution; from men who see serious storm-clouds hovering above the horizon of the city.

First—The suggestion is made to put them to work, as Boston is planning to do, straightening out the bad city streets. Philadelphia has also adopted this plan since this article was written.

Second—The suggestion comes from one employment man of many years' experience to put them to work as Portland did two years ago—on the parks of the city.

Third—Hetch Hetchy has been suggested as a medium to supply work.

Fourth—Highway construction work by the State is also suggested.

These might be added to considerably. They came from the employment men themselves. The chief thing is to know that the problem is coming.

The problem is coming. That seems settled in the minds of the men themselves, who speak of the hordes coming "like ants along the road." "The boys are headed in this direction." It seems to be settled in the minds of the policemen who have to deal with this immediate problem. It seems to be settled in the minds of these employment experts who have been at the business for years.

About the only folks who seem to be asleep to the facts are the churches, the federations, the city, and the State—the very people who in the end have the problem to solve in some manner. Why not get ready for it before it comes instead of waking up some rainy morning to find that the hordes have swept down on the city like the grasshoppers swept down on Kansas in 1872? Provide work for the worthy and the unworthy will decamp as soon as they see it.

MISSION WORK IN CANTON, CHINA.

Tyler Dennett.

The missionary work in Canton seems to be as much in a transitional stage as the government of China. To this great populous center Robert Morrison came in 1807. Until 1842 Canton was the only city in China open to foreign trade and it will be recalled that even during thatperiod missionaries found a more hospitable welcome in the neighboring Portuguese city of Macao. The American Board work was opened in 1830 at the earnest solicitation of Morrison. Today nearly every possible variety of faith and practice is represented in South China with Canton as its headquarters. There are probably over two hundred missionaries in and about the city. In spite of all this Canton remains yet the second largest non-Christian city in the world.

Upon inquiring of a Wesleyan Missionary who has been in China twenty years as to the progress of the work in Canton, he replied, "Canton being the oldest of the China missions, is therefore most deeply in the rut." One certainly ought to be prepared, in studying the missionary situation in Canton, to make liberal allowances for human weaknesses, especially the varieties to which religious flesh is heir. The Kingdom of God is undoubtedly advancing here with rapid strides yet with rather more of the embarrassments such as we have at home than in any other mission field I have visited. The distinctly educational work, as distinguished from the evangelistic work, seems to have been less prized here than in many places. I asked a friend whom I knew had recently raised several thousand dollars in America for a certain evangelistic campaign, although I knew him to be chiefly interested in the educational work, why he had asked for the money for that particular purpose when the schools were being so neglected. His reply was that he asked for aid for evangelistic work because that always seemed to stir more enthusiasm among the churches at home. There is still a considerable proportion of the missionaries in Canton who feel that they have far too little time to waste any of it teaching anything but the Bible. The result is a weak native church, hardly capable of self government and lacking in leadership and confined almost exclusively to the lower classes. On the other hand there is a strong party among the missions who say that evangelistic work quickly comes to a standstill if not supported by a strong educational program.

Canton can boast of one fine school, the Canton Christian College, which, however, is not under denominational control. Situated across the river from the city, on an island with a fine campus and a good start toward an adequate equipment, this college is making itself felt in the development of China. It has energetic and progressive leadership and shortly must occupy a place similar to that of St. John's College in Shanghai. The relation of this college to the churches is not as yet a completely solved problem. At present it seems to share the fate of many an American college in that while it is thorougly sympathetic with the churches, its graduates do not return to strengthen the churches out of which many of them came. It would be a magnificent destiny for this institution if it were to become a unifying and elevating center for all the missions. At present Canton seems to lack a strong dominating personality to occupy a position of leadership such as certain well-known missionaries are taking in other fields.

The denominational divisions among the missions seem more to the fore in Canton than in many places. Theological controversies are disturbing the work. Only this year has it become possible to establish a union training school for native pastors and even now the consummation of this long cherished project is viewed with suspicion by some of the older mission workers. I was privileged to be present at the session of a "mission meeting" of one denomination when the debate waxed most earnest on the advisability of entering into such a union work. It was a most interesting hour to the onlooker for one could see in the opposing sides who were nearly equal in number, the spirit

of the old era meeting thespirit of the new. On the one hand a lingering distrust, and unnamed fear of other denominations and on the other an eager loving purpose to join forces for the good of the Kingdom. When this distrust and fear is joined with an affectionate regard for some work into which some sainted man or woman had given a life's devotion one can see how remarkable is the victory of the newer spirit. Other instances might be given in which the results are not so encouraging. In the Union service held on Sunday evening at five o'clock the communion service preceded by half an hour in order not to offend those whose baptismal scruples would not permit them to attend. I fear some of those who did come were not greatly edified by the sermon which followed on the artful guises of the devil from the text, "Quench not the spirit." However, these items all belong to the incidental and inconsequential and must make us hold in very high esteem those loyal men and women who are holding on year after year in spite of these little irritations in a city and country where the amenities which make for health and comfort are less common than in any city I have been in.

While one might leave Canton somewhat depressed before the magnitude and difficulties of the work, wondering how it is all coming out, yet if he happens to be a Congregationalist he will have reason to be proud of his representative stationed there. Everywhere the American Board Mission is well spoken of. Mr. Nelson and his wife have been there since 1892. He is to teach in the new Union Seminary. Mr. Johnson, although a comparatively recent recruit, seems sure to uphold the best traditions of Congregationalism. The girls' school under Miss Lowry and Miss Milliken is especially well regarded among the educational institutions of the city. Our Dr. Hager is often spoken of with affection and regard. The scope of our work is undeniably small and the missionaries so few that they are now bearing cruelly heavy burdens. Living conditions are peculiarly trying in Canton and there is very great need of adding to the staff of workers immediately. Congregationalism has a distinct contribution to make to South China at this time and one must earnestly hope and pray for reinforcements for Canton.

One would like to know more about the history of the American Board Mission in South China. Begun in 1830, a connecting link with Morrison, it was continued until 1867 and then given up. The gentleman who was directed to settle the claims of the mission, himself a member of another denomination, wrote to the treasurer of the Board at that time, "It is with a feeling of sadness that I discharge this last duty, making official record of the withdrawal of the A. B. C. F. M. light from Canton. Why this was permitted, I cannot see."

In 1883, at the earnest solicitation of natives who had returned from America, Congregationalists as well as Christians, the work in South China was reopened, this time with the restricted purpose of caring only for the Chinese who had resided for some time in America. The A. M. A. in connection with its work on the Pacific Coast especially desired it. Dr. Hager inaugurated the work at Hong Kong. Ten years later the work was reopened at Canton and now the Chinese themselves have taken over all the work in Hong Kong. The native church there is possessed of considerable property and is carrying on an aggressive work among its own people, numbering among its members and supporters some of the wealthy merchants of the city.

At the present time our missionaries are working very effectively in the district south and west from Canton where live most of the Chinese who have returned from America. It never seems to have been the intention of the Board to make the Canton Mission a large one. However, Dr. Capen after his recent visit there so soon before his death was heard to remark that it seemed to him that the Board had reached a position in South China where it "must either fish, cut bait, or pull ashore." At such a near range one may not be able to get a true estimate of the world's strategic centers for missionary enterprise, but I can hardly imagine any finer vantage point than the city of Canton.

No view of missions in South China is complete without a glimpse of the quaint Portuguese city of Macao, which was so long the home of Robert Morrison and contains the cemetery where his body was laid at rest. For the intrinsic beauty of the place, Macao is worthy of a visit. A little spit of land with a high backbone juts out into the bay and creates a safe harbor behind its sheltering protection. Plaster houses tinted blue or pink with red or green shutters, two-story flat-roofed box-like affairs, reminding one far more of the west than the east, hide the tortuous streets which seem to crawl about the slopes of the hill. The Bund stretches along the sea wall leading to a cool inviting park. One may stand there at sunset and see the fishing junks, a myriad of red and yellow sails dotting the muddy water for miles out to sea just as Morrison must have seen them, for Macao has changed very little in two hundred years. In this quiet town the early missionaries found a haven of rest and many of them lie buried in the little plot with Morrison. Here was erected in the fifteenth century a magnificent cathedral, the charred walls of which are still standing. Camoens, the noted Portuguese poet, a contemporary of Tasso, found inspiration for his literary products which were so unwelcome at home. Today the grotto where he was accustomed to write, together with these other poets of interest, divide with the gambling-halls, the opium and fire-cracker factory, the interest of the tourist. It is a remarkable commentary on the energy of Roman Catholic missions that after these centuries of occupation gambling-houses and brothels jostle the churches and live under their shadow. The fan tan tables are always full, the revenue from them and the opium factory supporting the government and Macao is only one of the Portuguese colonies to return a surplus to the home government. Yet indirectly this city has played a most important part in the uplift of South China.

ARE THE KINGS TO BLAME?

G. W. Hinman.

It is a very common and a very easy explanation of the war in Europe to lay it to the ambitions and jealousies of European rulers. Emperor William may not seriously object to being regarded as the leader of the German nation in the great struggle, but to think of him, or the Czar, or Francis Joseph, or, least of all, King George, as personally responsible for the war, is to ignore the great forces back of all the governments which have been pressing for war during many years.

We may freely accept the claims of the Czar and the Kaiser and Sir Edward Gray that they have been working

for years to secure international peace and that they left no stone unturned to prevent the present cataclysm. The Kaiser had unquestionably a stronger personal influence in the antebellum negotiations, as he has now in the present conduct of the war, than any other ruler in Europe. It is quite plain that President Poincare and King George had practically no influence in deciding for or against war. The White Book of Great Britain and the White Paper of Germany show how little the personal attitude of the rulers of Europe entered into the diplomatic discussions. The ministers of foreign affairs of the different countries, speaking for their colleagues in the cabinets, act with an authority which seems almost to ignore the kings.

And these men themselves seemed in general to be making persistent and determined efforts to prevent an outbreak of war. It is hard to believe that all their repeated assertions of a desire for peaceful adjustment are hypocritical and meaningless. In the letters and telegrams sent to Sir Edward Grey by British diplomats at the courts of Europe, they do not hesitate to say frankly when they believe a diplomatic representative of another power really wants war, but they say it of only one or two persons mentioned in the correspondence.

We have no adequate explanation of the apparently irresistible pressure which drove the nations into war, either in the personal influence of the rulers or in the deliberate planning of the men who happened to be spokesman of the various governments in their foreign relations. It is equally plain that in every nation now at war there was a very large body of the population that did not want war, that were desirous to prevent it, though generally without any efficient means for doing so.

The study of the forces which brought on the present war indicates that it cannot be laid to personal ambition of rulers, nor to a great popular clamor which prefers killing people in preference to peaceful industries. Some would have us believe that economic pressure and commercial rivalry are wholly responsible for the clash of interests. They doubtless have caused considerable irritation between the peoples of Germany and England particularly. But to assume that commercial prosperity can be immediately advanced by fighting is to make one of the most serious economic mistakes.

It is becoming increasingly evident that the cause of the war is at bottom the influence of a party, by no means confined to any one nation, who hold to the doctrine that the only efficient influence in international relations is physical force, and the even more pernicious doctrine that war is really a necessary condition of the development of patriotism and national virtue. Without attempting here to discuss these doctrines, let us recognze that the real cause of the war is the militaristic party in all the nations now in conflict. The lines are being sharply drawn between the militarists and the pacifists. It is a very direct and practical question for us in America whether or not we accept the doctrine of Bernhardi and Munsterberg. In the words of the sign one often sees over the door of a factory, "This means you." The militarist party in America is not weak nor idle. This war means to them a demand for more American battleships, a larger standing army, increased burden of taxation for military preparation, and perhaps eventual conscription for the army and navy as in Europe. Articles in the Army and Navy Journal, editorials by Theodore Roosevelt and private discussions are now bringing out the militaristic view-point and showing how strong it is even here in America. The whole country shuddered in horror when the war came with the sudden awfulness of a pestilence or a volcanic eruption. But now the militarists are explaining that the war was inevitable, that it was a necessary condition of development, and that, further, if America is to have any influence in the development of world civilization or even preserve her own, she must follow the example of Germany and guard her culture with her guns.

No, this war is not merely against Prussian militarism, as they tell us in England. But it may decide the fate of militarism everywhere. Do not blame the kings of Europe for the war. The most undemocratic nation in Europe has advanced too far to allow one man to plunge a nation in war against the will of the most of the people. It is the militarists who have caused the war, for they have persuaded the nations that it is the only means of guarding national interests. They have convinced Europe that force is supreme and that God is on the side of the heaviest batalions. Instead of blaming the Kaiser, let us consider whether we ourselves are not to blame for much of the prevalent militaristic sentiment which caused the war.

FAMILY INTERESTS IN OAK PARK.

William Norris Burr.

It is a portion of a family letter, but why keep it selfishly to ourselves? Does it not bristle with "news" concerning interests that pertain to the affairs of the great Congregational family at large? The mockingbird out yonder on the ridge of a neighbor's roof is singing "Share it! share it! share it!" Dare a man defy a mockingbird?

It tells of some things seen and heard, and records some impressions received, during a recent over-Sunday visit with friends in Oak Park, Illinois.

"On our way home from the football game on Saturday afternoon we made a tour through the church of which Dr. William E. Barton is pastor. They have just been building a new parish house, and it is a beauty. Of course the church is a wealthy one, and they are well able to 'make improvements.' Yet there were various signs that a large part of the membership is not very active. Their prayer-meeting room, for instance, is hardly as large as our Christian Endeavor room at home. On the other hand, the provision for the beginners' and primary classes almost over-balanced everything else—a good omen for the future.

"The auditorium was the most beautiful, I think, that I have ever been in. The lines, the color-tones, the shape of the pews and the softness of the cushions—everything, in fact, was such as to contribute to the aesthetic enjoyment of a highly-cultured audience. And when the janitor began telling us about the glories of the $19,000 pipe-organ I decided that I was certainly to have a foretaste of heaven on Sunday morning. We found Dr. Barton in his study in the parish house, and stopped to chat with him for a few minutes. He is a very plain appearing and plain spoken man, unassuming, and yet with a hint in his eyes of a tremendous force that lies back of them.

"Sunday morning came, and we went to church, but I

did not find just the heaven I had been anticipating. The service was chiefly an organ recital, interspersed with fine quartette music and a tenor solo. If I had come to hear a concert I should have enjoyed it immensely. But the musicians were so evidently performing, not worshipping, that I rebelled. Dr. Cabot has hit the nail exactly in 'What Men Live By.' 'That saturation with beauty brings us nearer to prayer,' he says, "has been instinctively realized in planning the outlook, the architecture, the decoration, the music, and incense of many churches. But our perception of this analogy, and our consequent recoil from the barrenness of our grandfather's 'meeting-house,' has made us forget that there are types of beauty that do not promote worship at all. Operatic and amorous music is often sung in churches in a style fit to secularize and suppress any movement toward prayer.'

Dr. Barton's sermon, however, quite brought one back from the concert hall to the church. It was a simple talk, a plea and a warning together, against the modern tendency toward the breaking up of family life. He based it pretty largely on the parable of the prodigal father which he had clipped from the editorial page of the New York Sun a few days before. The 'parable' ran somewhat on this wise: 'A certain boy had a father; and the father said to himself, let me take the portion of my time that rightfully falleth to my son and use it for my own purposes. And not many days after the father gathered all together, and took his journey into the far country of stocks and bonds, and there wasted his time in acquiring wealth,' etc., etc. At length the father realized his mistake. 'And when he came to himself he said: I will arise and go to my son, and will say unto him, Son, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy father. But I see my mistake. Take me back and let me have your comradeship, etc. But the son refused to kill the fatted calf, told his father that it was too late, that he had once craved a father's guidance and companionship, but did not need them now. And the father went away sorrowing.

"After a short talk—it was hardly a sermon—along this line, Dr. Barton outlined the plans for the fall working, urging the people especially to support the new evening service. **At present there is not a single Sunday evening service in all the churches in Oak Park.**"

A few days after receiving the letter from which the above is taken, an Oak Park paper came to my desk, in which I find the following:

"It has long been the desire of the Rev. Wm. E. Barton to hold a Sunday Evening Service, in the First Congregational Church. Now it is going to be an accomplished fact, thanks to the hearty co-operation of the members of the Church. And it is the men folks who are working hardest for the success of the new evening service. A committee of sixteen church members has been appointed to get the people out to the Sunday evening service.

"Last Sunday the Men's Bible class was enlisted in the work. Lists were made up and each man was given his quota of families to see and urge to "Come to Church."

"Eevrybody is enthusiastic and working hard. The aid of Oak Park Events has been asked and is gladly given to help make the Sunday Evening Services a success.

"Oak Park merchants are displaying cards and the moving picture theaters are showing slides inviting the public to attend. The Northwestern Advertising Co. has donated advertising space in the cars on the Oak Park "L" to help along the project and indications are that the First Congregational church will be crowded next Sunday night at the opening service."

NEW BOOK NOTES.

"He Took it Upon Himself." By Margaret Slattery.— Taking the words "He took it upon himself," as they came to her in a fragment of a newspaper advertisement, Miss Margaret Slattery has given us a very inspiring little book. Striking illustrations of service are found in the lives of Horace Mann, Helen Keller, Jacob Riis, and Dr. Barnardo, and we are told that "the far horizon is warm with the glow of the promise of another day;" that the individuals who are taking it upon themselves are growing in number and strength." Beautifully illustrated and attractively bound, this will be found one of the most appropriate holiday gifts. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston; 60 cents net.)**

The Young Woman Worker. By Mary A. Laselle.— The object of this book is to give some points gleaned from the actual experiences of different persons, showing the value of good manners in the home, in business, in public places, and in society. There are several citations which serve to emphasize how important good manners are, and then there are many helpful suggestions. "Let us make Helen Young the president of our guild," said one young woman to another. "Helen is talented, energetic, and also has executive ability. Where could we find a better president?" "Well," hesitated her companion, "that is all true, and we who know Helen well excuse a number of faults in her that she should have corrected long ago; but we realize that Helen's manners are distinctly bad. I can see mother looking at her in horror when she is at our table. Now, the president of our guild would have to preside at banquets and meet all the visiting clubs, and we should be ashamed of Helen's manners in spite of her really excellent ability." "Yes, you are right," said her friend, "but what a pity it is that her manners are such a handicap.' There is in this book much of value on such topics as Manners, Health, Dress, Friends, Habits and Aims. It is an excellent gift book for any young girl. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.00 net.)**

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The returns from 4,433 of the 4,584 precincts in the State give the Redlight Abatement Law 375,191 votes. Against it were 346,285.

The First Congregational Church of Sacramento is observing what it advertised recently as "Edification Week." Beginning Sunday morning, there is being given, by the Rev. Albert W. Palmer of Oakland, nine addresses on "The Modern Point of View in Religion."

The First Congregational Church of Oakland is circulating an attractive four-page leaflet bearing the caption: "The Congregational Church. What It Is. What It Does." It contains the Statement of Faith adopted by the last National Council, and considerable in questions and answers concerning our polity and history. These are followed by an invitation to those who have no other church home to share in the work and worship of "The Old First

Church of Oakland—a genuine Congregational Church, whose former pastor, Charles R. Brown, is now moderator of the National Council."

Among the Churches.

Sacramento.—Seven persons were received into membership at the November communion service.

Long Beach.—At the November communion service twelve new members were taken into the church.

San Francisco, Park.—Six persons were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday, four coming on confession.

San Francisco, Chinese.—Two young men were baptized and received to membership last Sunday. One child was consecrated in baptism.

Tulare.—Eight additions to the Tulare church, November 1, five on confession. This makes a total of thirty for the year; twenty by confession.

Hayward.—Improvements on the interior of the church to the extent of $350 have been made and paid for. New pulpit furniture is in use—the gift of a member of the church.

Redwood City.—Sunday morning, November 1st, two were received into the church. In the evening Rev. J. B. Orr delivered a very interesting and helpful address especially to men.

Santa Cruz.—Two hundred new song books have been purchased. Sunday evening, November 1st, an address was given on "America vs. Japan," by Kiyo Sue Inui, secretary of the Japanese Association of America.—At the recent communion service three persons united with the church by letter.

Redlands.— The San Bernardino Association met with the church November 9, 10. Dr. William Horace Day gave the main address on "Following the Cross Round the World." Eleven persons recently joined the church. Dr. J. H. Williams, pastor emeritus, has returned from a year spent in New England to occupy a home he recently built for himself.

Riverside First.—Sunday Nov. 8th, was "Go To Church Sunday" in all the Riverside churches. People of all denominations turned out in great numbers and made the day a memorable one for church going in the city. The morning service in the Congregational church was of special interest to the Primary and Junior departments of the Sunday School. The Pastor Rev. Horace Porter prefaced his sermon by giving an illustrated talk to the children on "Two birds and the house they made." Mr. Porter showed the bird's nest, which was made in a palm tree branch. This was indeed very interesting and held the attention of the small children for 15 minutes. After this the smaller ones withdrew and Mr. Porter preached the morning sermon the topic being "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might, and thy neighbor as thyself." The vesper service at 4.30 P. M. was a special musical service by soloists and choir.

Oakland, Fourth. — The Fourth Church has extended an unanimous call to the Rev. Roy H. Campbell, of Palo Alto. The call has been answered by Mr. Campbell in a beautiful letter of acceptance, which was read at the Church service on last Sunday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell will be with us to take active work in this church in the very near future—and we feel in fact that Mr. Campbell's ministry has already begun. We are being heartily congratulated on the acquisition of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell as our leaders, and we feel that these congratulations are merited. We know that Mr. Campbell will lead spiritually upward, and together with Mrs. Campbell his service among us will not only be helpful but delightful as we hope to make ours toward them. One of the happiest occasions in the life of Fourth Church was the "Family Reunion" and "Get-Together-Social" held on Friday evening of last week. Everybody with his friend was out, and everybody else was glad to see everybody else. Warm and earnest words of fellowship were exchanged—the atmospere was one of cheer and encouragement and the future outlook for Fourth Church is most gratifying. The committee on entertainment (in charge of Mrs. F. H. Maar) is grateful to those who rendered an excellent and highly appreciated program enthusiastically received by the audience. At the close of the program our Pastor Emeritus, Rev. F. H. Maar, came to the platform and in his own unique and attractive style presented the Rev. Mr. Campbell who responded warmheartedly in a few well chosen remarks. It has been a source of great helpfulness to have the benefit of Mr. Maar's experience and advice at this time. A congenial committee (Ladies of the Aid Society) was busy all of Friday afternoon arranging for and preparing the splendid supper which was served at round tables in the Sunday school room late in the evening. Some of the young matrons and maids of the church and C. E. Society, dressed tastefully, served as ushers and assisted in waiting upon our guests, proving a most helpful factor in the success of the evening. During the supper hour a number of pleasant speeches were made—the crowd was large. The "eats" were good and the friends lingered in wholehearted fellowship. The evening was one of great enjoyment to all.

A CHINESE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

In accordance with a venerable Chinese custom Mr. and Mrs. Yong Kay, on Saturday evening, the 7th inst., celebrated the birth of her first-born son with a fine banquet. The child had become one month old, and was present with his mother. With two exceptions, the guests, about 120 in number were all Americans and about evenly divided between ladies and gentlemen. We understand that another banquet was held last Tuesday for Chinese friends. The Chinese restaurant at which the banquet was served, has a very large and well appointed Dining Room and the tables were finely spread in American style, with viands and with flowers. The guests represented largely the officers of the National Government in this city, especially in the Immigration Department to which Mr. Yong Kay belongs. A notable exception was Mayor Rolph, who was obliged to leave early, but not without holding the quiet and contended baby in his arms while he made a

neat and cordial speech, in which it seemed good to hear him speak with warm appreciation of the capacity and public spirit and integrity of the Chinese merchants in San Francisco.

Mr. Yong Kay is a member of the Presbyterian Chinese Church in this city, but was converted in our Mission at Oroville about thirty years ago. He was a missionary helper at Riverside for several years. He afterwards went to Boston where he immediately took hold of Christian work and came to have a Chinese Sunday School with limited Mission House accessions, so far his own as to bear his name. He is now taking a leading part in an effort to establish a Chinese Y. M. C. A. with a building all its own in San Francisco. W. C. P.

WASHINGTON.

Spokane.

Dr. C. Herring was in the city Sunday Nov. 1st and the Monday following. On Sunday he preached in the Westminster, Plymouth and Corbin Park churches. On Monday afternoon a Conference was held, when Superintendents Scudder and Knodell participated with Dr. Herring. In the evening there was a banquet at Westminster Church with Dr. Harper acting as toastmaster. Over 200 sat at the tables. Following the banquet Dr. Herring gave a splendid address on the Mission of Congregationalism. Steps were taken for the organization of a city Congregational club. Dr. T. H. Harper, of Westminster church, is giving a series of addresses on "The Ten Plagues", at the Sunday afternoon services. There was a reception given to the Rev. C. B. Brown, the new pastor of Pilgrim church, and his wife on Friday night. Rev H. B. K. White of Plaines, Mont., has accepted call of the Hillyard church—to begin service Dec. 1st. Spokane voted dry. J. E.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle.—The Rev. H. M. Painter of Tacoma has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Columbia Congregational Church and has entered on the work. He is a graduate of Whitman College and of Chicago Theological Seminary. Mrs. Painter is a daughter of a pioneer Home Missionary in Washington — the Rev. F. N. Cobleigh, who passed into the other life several years ago. Mr. Painter has been working in Washington since 1898, having been ordained that year at Pataha City.

"THE ONE HUNDRED RELIGIOUS STUDY CLUB."

Such a club was organized recently in Pilgrim Church, Seattle, to meet Thursday evenings to consider "What We Believe."

In a letter sent out, Mr. Brown, the pastor, said:

"A recent thinker has remarked: 'What people need today is a religion which they can believe to be true. Men are increasingly hungry, not so much for a New Theology as for a True Theology. The traditional interpretations of Christianity have been profoundly affected by Modern Science, Higher Criticism, Social Science and Modern Philosophy. Countless Christians are so confused by these expansions of outlook, that their faith has lost its focus. What shall the modern man think? What is the changeless truth within the changing creeds? How much is left of the Bible? These and similar questions are insistently demanding answer.

"For 25 years we have been laying maximum stress upon the practice of religion and minimum stress upon its theory. We rejoice in this emphasis upon the doing side, but it seems certain that no little harm has come and is coming from this general taboo of creeds. For without question, as a man's conceptions in religion, so is he in action. And the intellectual indifference of Christians, with its resultant lack of robust conviction, makes fertile soil for sloth, doubt and curious cults."

"The time is ripe for a revival of earnest thinking, for loving God 'with the whole mind.'"

The meetings begin with "a brief silence and listening time before God." Then comes an address by the pastor, with opportunity at the close for questions, and every effort is put forth to make the study count for an intelligent grasp of Chrisianity and Modern Thought.

The subjects are: God, Jesus, The Holy Spirit, The Bible, Prayer, The Atonement, Sin, Miracle, The Church, Human Nature, The Kingdom of God, Death, Life Everlasting, Hell, Heaven, Love, Suffering, Evolution Conscience, Christian Unity. Regularity of attendance and hearty co-operation are pledged.

In dealing with the subjects which are given here Mr. Brown shows how the old conceptions differ from the new, and presents his own belief thereon.

Helpful books are recommended for supplementary reading.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

"Oregon has gone dry"—shout it from the housetops! And by a decisive majority in every county in the State—that is the best of all. It was believed that the State would go "dry", but that every county would go "dry"—even including Multnomah in which Portland is situated, was not dreamed of by the most sanguine. If the hand of God was ever in any movement, his influence was certainly manifested in the election last Tuesday. The exact majority cannot yet be determined, but it is safe to say that it is over 25,000. And in addition to this, it is a matter for profound thanksgiving that Washington has also gone "Dry", and there is good reason for believing that Idaho will be found in the "Dry" column.

Another important measure carried by a tremendous majority—over 90,000, a measure declaring that no foreigner can become a citizen and have a vote until his final papers are made out—in other words, until he is a fullfledged citizen. Hitherto the rule in this State has been that a foreigner could vote after a residence of six months and the filing of his first papers. Now it will take five years before he can cast a ballot. This change in naturalizing foreigners is a distinctly wise and important one, and will aid greatly in preventing election abuses by unscrupulous men—or women.

Notwithstanding the large vote by which the "Dry" law was carried, which is to go into effect on Jan. 1, 1916, it is well for all opponents of the liquor traffic to realize that the fight against it has just begun. The liquor interests will use every means that brilliant and unprincipled attorneys can devise, supported by enormous sums of money, to set aside the will of the people.

The second fall meeting of the Columbia River Association of Congregational Ministers and Churches met with the Church at Vancouver, Washington, last Thursday. The territory embraced in this Association, to use the words

of Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, the Moderator, "is half a mile wide and two hundred miles long." To explain: It was organized a few months ago in order to create a closer fellowship between the churches upon the north bank of the Columbia river; and while the attendance was not large, yet the occasion was an inspiring one and it is certain to result in great good. The idea of "Fellowship", in ite varied ramifications, was the central thought of the meeting. And the presence of Dr. Hubert C. Herring, D. D., Secretary of the National Council, was most opportune, and his splendid address outlining the work that the Congregational Churches of the United States is in duty bound to take up, made a deep impression.

Rev. Thomas F. May, the pastor of the church, although he and his family have only been in Vancouver for a few months, is getting a firm hold upon the people, with results that are truly encouraging. Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Field Secretary of the C. C. B. S., for the Pacific Coast, visited the church a short time ago, and was gratified to receive a payment of $300.00 on the loan made to the church.

A new German Church, to be known as the "Congregational Zion Church", was dedicated at the corner of Fremont and East Ninth streets this afternoon. Addresses were made by Rev. Luther R. Dyott, of the First Church, Rev. George E. Paddack, Superintendent of the O. H. M. S., for Oregon, Rev. C. A. Dettmer, of Seattle, Rev. F. Eggerland, of Ritzville, Wash., and Rev. C. J. Wagner of Walla Walla, Wash. Rev. J H. Hopp is the pastor of the new church.

Last Friday evening, a goodly number of represento hear Rev. Hubert C. Herring, D.D., Secretary of the Pilgrim faith in Portland, assembled in the First Church to hear Rev. Herbert C. Herring, D. D., Secretary of the National Council. At the close of his address which gave those assembled a great deal to think about, Rev. K. Tsunashima, D. D., for twenty years a pastor in Tokio, gave a brief address of greeting. Among other things he said was the following:

"After this war has ended the Christians of the world should unite in a great peace movement that will sweep away the armed camps or Europe and assure the settlement of disputes in courts of arbitration. The war is a great sin for us Christians. It means a setback for religion the world over."

"I was in Paris the day war was declared. The city was in a furore of excitement. The armies were on the move and all of the talk was war. I saw that, although there are many great Christians in Europe, the religion itself has not taken a firm hold on the nations, that it is but a religious veneer."

Portland, November 8, 1914.

The Home.

SOME GOOD SUGGESTIONS.

By Elbert Hubbard.

Good health! Whenever you go out of doors draw in your chin, carry the crown of your head high, fill the lungs to the utmost. Drink in the sunshine, greet your friends with a smile and put soul into every handclasp. Do not fear being misunderstood and never waste a minute thinking about your enemies. Try to fix firmly in your own mind what you would like to do, and then you will move straight in the right direction.

Fear is the rock on which we split, and haste is the shoal on which many a bark is stranded.

Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do, and then as the days go gliding by you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfillment of your desire, just as the coral insect takes from the running tide the elements that it needs. Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual. Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than to do. Preserve a right mental attitude—the attitude of courage, frankness and good cheer.

To think rightly is to create.

Darwin and Spencer have told us that this is the method of creation. Each animal has evolved the parts it needed and desired. The horse is fleet because he wishes to be; the bird flies because it desires to; the duck has a web foot because it wants to swim. All things come through desire, and every sincere prayer is answered. We become like that on which our hearts are fixed. Many people know this, but they do not believe it thoroughly enough so that it shapes their lives.

We want friends, so we scheme and chase 'cross lots after strong people and lie in wait for good folks—or alleged good folks—hoping to attach ourselves to them. The only way to secure friends is to be one.

And before you are fit for friendship you must be able to do without it—that is to say, you must have sufficient self-reliance to take care of yourself, and then out of the surplus of your energy you can do for others. The man who craves friendship and yet desires a self-poised spirit more will never lack for friends.

If you would have friends, cultivate solitude instead of society. Drink in the ozone, bathe in the sunshine, and out in the silent night, under the stars, say to yourself again and yet again, "I am a part of all my eyes behold." And the feeling will surely come to you that you are no interloper between earth and sky, but that you are a necessary particle of the whole.

BE KIND TO THE LIVING.

If we all would think and feel, speak and act, as kindly and lovingly in everyday life as we do at funerals, what a heaven we should have on earth. If we only could appreciate each other as fully in life as in death how much the aggregate of human misery would be diminished and the sum of human happiness increased. But, alas! how much kindness comes too late, in funeral eulogies and cemetery scenes.

A husband weeps, broken hearted, over the lifeless form of his wife, breathes out the most ardent tones of affection, showers his kisses on unanswering clay, covers the casket with flowers and keeps her grave green and bright when it is too often whispered that he was not always thus considerate, affectionate and kind while she lived.

This post-mortem kindness comes too late. It is a poor compensation for former neglects. After the eye is closed, the ear cold and the heart still in death, how vain are all kind offices. But, O, if these flowers, kisses, and kindnesses could have been strewn along the pathway of life instead of along the pathway of death, how bright and joyful might that pathway have been. The kind things you intend to say and do, say and do them now.

A husband carefully and tenderly placed a flower in the pale, still hand of his dead wife, when some one remarked,

"that is the first flower he ever gave her."

"You would better buy a small bouquet,
To give to your friend this very day,
Than a bushel of roses white and red,
To put on his casket when he is dead."

The living and not the dead need our kindness. Let us break our alabaster boxes among the living, and thus make them happier and better. Let us appreciate our friends and kindred while they are with us, and not leave this for funeral euolgies and cemetery scenes. Let us show at least as much appreciation and kindness in the city of the living as we do in the city of the dead. A darling little girl approached the lifeless form of her grandfather, and taking his cold hand, exclaimed, "Dear grandpa, you know I was always good to you while you lived." It is worth more than a world to say that to our departed friends. No fulsome praise of the dead can bring such comfort as that.

A wife parted with her husband at the cottage door in the morning with a little unkindness. He offered a kiss of reconciliation, but she refused it. He was brought home dead at noon. She threw up her arms and exclaimed with frantic grief, "O, if I had only spoken as I should when he left me this morning!"

Let the law of love and kindness reign perpetually in our hearts and on our tongues. Let no appreciation and kindness come too late. Let wedded souls be always true and kind to the utmost. Keep sweet and sweeten others. Impart your kind thoughts, words and deeds now to the living. This will make a happy home, a peaceful church and a better world.—E. P. Marvin.

For The Children.

A CERTAIN POTATO.

It was a hot day, and Mr. Ball and his two boys, Tom and Joe, had been digging potatoes all the morning. Now, at noon, they sat under the big chestnut tree, eating their lunch.

"If we work smart we shall get 'em picked up by three o'clock," said Tom.

"Oh, father, if we do, can we have the rest of the afternoon to work on our boat?" asked Joe.

"Why, yes. You've been good boys to stick so close to this job, and I guess you deserve a little play spell."

"I wish we could afford to keep a man," grumbled Joe.

"If Jack hadn't got loose that night, he couldn't have eaten meal enough to kill himself, and we should have had the two hundred dollars for him the next day," said Tom; "then we should have had a man this summer."

"Yes," said Mr. Ball, "Jack made it a hard year for us; but you boys have been brave, and we shall soon be on our feet again."

"Who's that climbing over the fence?" he asked, sitting up.

"Why, it's Jennie! What d'you s'pose she wants?" said Joe.

"I'm afraid something's wrong at home," said Mr Ball, anxiously. "Mother would never send her so far alone unless it was something important.

By this time Jennie was near enough for them to see that she had a letter in her hand.

Tom ran to meet her, and in a few minutes they knew that Uncle Timothy was coming that very day, and must be met at Centerville, the nearest railway station.

Uncle Timothy had not visited his brother before since the twins were babies, and it was an open secret that the rich city uncle, who had no son of his own, wanted to take one of his nephews to educate and train up in his business.

"I'm sorry to leave you, boys," said Mr. Ball, "but you can get the potatoes picked up by six o'clock, and your play spell will have to come some other day."

"That's all right, father," answered Tom, cheerfully.

Joe dug his bare toes into the soft ground and said nothing.

"Oh, by the way, boys," called Mr. Ball, as he started across the field, "there is a certain potato I meant to look for. Bring it home, if you find it."

"What do you suppose he meant by that?" asked Tom.

"Oh, it was just one of his jokes," said Joe.

"No, he meant something, and I'm going to find out what, if I can," said Tom. "Come on, Joe, let's get at it."

"Go chase yourself!" answered Joe, crossly. "I'm hot and tired, and I'm going to get good and rested before I begin again."

"Well, then, good-by, lazy bones, for we shall have to sprint if we finish before supper time."

Several bags were filled and tied up before Joe felt rested enough to help, and even then his work was "steady by jerks," as his brother told him. At last from Centerville came the faint sound of the six o'clock whistle.

Joe straightened himself up, and called, "Six o'clock, Tom! I'm going to quit."

"Why, we can't quit till all the potatoes are picked up!" answered Tom, with one hand on his stiff back.

"Can't! What's to hinder, I'd like to know? Father didn't say they'd got to be done to-night, and besides, they'll be home pretty quick, now, and Uncle Timothy ain't going to catch me looking like this now, I tell you! First impressions, you know."

"Ma says he was always awful particular about his clothes," admitted Tom, "but father expected us to finish this job. Come on, Joe," he added, coaxingly, "it won't take long now."

"No, sir'ee, not if I know myself. I'm going to look out for Number One. Goodby old plodder," he called, as he climbed the fence. "You'll be sorry you didn't come, too, when you see me start for the city."

Poor Tom! He did want the promised education, and Joe would certainly get ahead of him in his uncle's favor if he was neatly dressed and ready to greet the travelers.

It was slow work, this picking up potatoes one at a time. The sun seemed hotter than ever, if it was nearly sundown. Altogether Tom's thoughts were gloomy, still he kept bravely on, and at last had the satisfaction of tying the last bag, and starting faithful Dobbin toward home.

The long expected uncle had just arrived as Dobbin plodded up the lane. Tom could see Joe shake hands, and then jump to get satchel and umbrella from the carriage. Really, the bright, manly looking fellow, in his best clothes, was so attractive that Tom felt sure the choice was made already.

"Ready-made boys don't grow on every limb, but it looks as though you had the one I want right here," said Mr.

Timothy Ball, quietly, to his brother.

"Wait till you've seen the other one," was the answer.

"Where's Tom?" he asked, turning to Joe. "Why, there he is now!" he exclaimed, without waiting for an answer. "How is this, Joe? Why are you here with your clothes changed and Tom only just coming home?"

"I thought you'd want me here to meet Uncle Timothy," said Joe, his face flushing a little under the steady gaze of the two men.

"Did you do your share of the work?" asked the father, sternly.

"I worked until six o'clock," came the rather defiant answer.

"Come, James, don't be hard on the boy; let us see what the other fellow is like."

And, suiting the action to the word, Uncle Timothy disappeared around the corner of the house.

Tom had just finished scrubbing head and hands and feet at the pump in the yard, and now, in spite of the bare feet and overalls, it was a bright, healthy, good-natured-looking boy who came to speak to his uncle.

"Well, young man why weren't you here with your brother to meet me? This is a cool welcome for an uncle who comes only once in fifteen years."

"I know it, uncle," said Tom, giving his hand. "I was dreadfully sorry not to come up sooner, but I've only just finished my work."

"And you never leave your work until it is finished?" Uncle Timothy asked, with a quizzical smile.

"Oh, yes! I might if 'twas my own work," laughed Tom.

"Yes," said his uncle, "I see."

A week later, when Uncle Timothy started for his western home, Tom was the boy who went with him.

"You see, Joe," he explained, the night before they left, "I want a boy who will look after my interests; one who is willing to work overtime, if need be. Look out for your father, Joe, and perhaps your turn will come yet."

"Father," saked Joe, one day a week later, "what did you mean about that special potato you wanted us to look for?"

"Oh," laughed Mr. Ball, "the last one was the one I wanted, and Tom found it."

LAWS OF HARMONY.

Oh! that my lot may lead me in the path of holy innocence of word and deed, the path which august laws ordain, laws that in the highest empyrean had their birth. . . . . The power of God is mighty in them, and groweth not old.—Sophocles.

Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge and not our friends,
That we with Thee may look uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.
—Rudyard Kipling.

LESSON OF HISTORY.

One lesson, and only one, history may be said to repeat with distinctness—that the world is built somehow on moral foundations; that in the long run it is well with the good, in the long run it is ill with the wicked—J. A. Froude.

"A curious thing," said Tommy Kajones.
"I notice it day after day.
I get so awfully tired of work,
But never get tired of play."

"WHAT WE BELIEVE."

The Scottish Rite Auditorium addresses on "Our Changed Conception of God," "The Changed View of the Bible," and "Christ from the Modern Point of View," have been printed in pamphlet form.

They may be had as follows: One copy, five cents; six for 25 cents; fifteen for 50 cents; thirty-five for $1.00.

To ask for a thing in prayer does not mean that it must be a formal petition; it is a prayer if it is a wish turned Godward.—Wells.

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A STRANGE PET.

In a country town in northern Pennsylvania there lives a little old man who sells milk, carrying it from house to house morning and evening in a small hand-cart. There is nothing strange about that, but his companion on these daily trips is the very strangest you ever heard of—an old gray goose, who follows him about in the most dignified manner, and stands watch over the cart, letting no one go near it in his master's absence. His name is Major, and his master says that he is just as useful as a dog would be.

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